A vvhole crevv of kind Gossips, all met to be merry.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

LONDON,
Printed for Iohn Deane, and *to be sold at his shop under* Temblebarre. 1609.

To the Maids of LONDON.

VIRGINS, that liue your weary Maiden-liues,
Wiſhing with al your harts that you were WIVES:
Longing continually to heare it ſaide,
This is laſt time of asking, farewell MAIDE.
Note heere your Siſters, that are gone before,
What wholeſome Goſsips talke they haue in ſtore:
Conſider how their HVSBANDS *they abuſe*
Amongſt their Cuppes, to finde each other newes:
Thinke whether ther's not much diſcretion lackes,
When men are wronged thus behind their backes.
Obſerue this Conference, ſuruey it all,
And iudge how kindeſt hearts are dealt withall,
Which when you ſhall perceiue (as t'is moſt plaine)
When you are WIVES *do you the like refraine:*
Abuſe not HVSBANDS *at each Goſsips feaſt,*
When they (good harmeleſſe men) offend you leaſt:
For if with any fault you can them touch,
It onely is, their louing you too much.

S.R.

Their Husbands Reſolution.

WIth patience we will heare our owne diſgraces,
Then proue thē lying huſwiues to their faces:
Proceed good tatling Goſsips, do not ſpare,
And Maids beare witneſſe what kind wiues theſe are.

A whole Crew of kind Gosips, all *met to be merry.*

MY Maisters that are married looke about,
For matter of complaint is comming out
Against your persons, stand vpon your gard,
Either your wiues be bad, or you deale hard:
Your credits are in question very farre,
And now or neuer, either make or marre.
You are accus'd of many haynous things,
And swift report hath very nimble wings.
It flyes about the Towne from eare to eare,
And most will credit euen all they heare.
What will the world suppose, to haue your wiues
Giue out, their husbands liue such odious liues?
What will our Batchelers and Maidens say,
That are preparing for their wedding day?
Why, they will censure of the married life,
To be a state full of Domesticke strife.
Stand to it stoutly, now as you are men,
First heare them speake, and shape an answere then,
They are no lesse then halfe a dozen strong,
Arm'd with such tongues as will endure no wrong
Six Gossips that of late together met,
Besprinckled finely, well with Clarret wet:
Apt to discourse of all that ere they knew,
As tis the humor of the Gossip-crew,

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

Did find themſelues greatly agrieued all,
And each her husband into queſtion call.
The firſt of them, a gallant propper Dame,
With tongue inough, and courage to the ſame,
That dranke carouſes to the other fiue,
And had a care to ſee the Vintner thriue:
That had her pint for pint, her quart for quart,
Louing a cup of Clarret with her hart:
That ſcorn'd to be intreated for her drinke,
But would hold out, when twenty Wenches ſhrink;
And take her cups, euen with a courage downe,
Play the good fellow kindly, ſpend her Crowne
With any ſhe that durſt, a merry wife,
That neuer plaide the Mizer in her life:
Onely her husband did a humour ſee,
Which did not like him, ſhe was too too free;
And that (indeed) will not do very well,
For diuers reaſons which a man might tell:
But we will leaue them to be thought vpon,
And turne her to her tale, which thus goes on.
Kind Gentlewomen, though I ſport and ieſt,
I haue ſmall cauſe to do it, I proteſt,
If you knew all the croſſes Fortune brings,
Ah little do you know where my ſhoo wrings.
I am oft merry, and I cannot chuſe,
If one ſhould hang me, pleaſure I muſt vſe:
Unto the Prouerbe I do ſtill agree,
Care kil'd a Cat, ſo ſhall it not do me.
Yet I am husbanded with ſuch a Clowne,
'Twould pul a merrier heart then mine is downe:
There's nothing in him, 'tis a very Gull,
His mind's of Money bags, to fill them full:

Ther's nothing that comes from him with good will,
But he is euer grudging, grumbling still:
Let me but aske him somewhat for to spend
At such a time as this, with friend and friend;
His purse will be a comming out so slow,
And such a dogged looke he will bestow,
With minde vnwilling going thereabout,
I could spend thrice as much ere it comes out.
Is this the way to please a womans minde,
That is vnto good fellow-ship inclin'de?
And neuer to this day regardeth drosse,
Sometime a Crowne, and sometime nere a crosse:
To take allowance at a wretches hand,
Not hauing Gold and Siluer at command.
Whom doth he spare for, we no children haue?
Indeed he doth allow me to go braue,
But that's his credit, full as much as mine,
And now and then at meales a pint of wine:
Marry sir Muffe, yea, and Gra-mercy horse,
I will haue more, by faire meanes, or by force:
I scorne to take allowance like a child,
There's nothing got, when women be too mild.
This by my Sister *Sara* proue I can,
All London doth not yeeld a kinder man
Then *Thomas* is, yet at the first I know,
He did but vse her (as they say) so so.
But what did she? Marry, grew somewhat stout,
And when he look't for kindnesse, loure and pout,
With pish and phew, no ioy (poore soule) I have,
I could now wish, that I were in my graue;
And sigh, and weepe, and often eate no meat,
And then the Asse (her Husband) would intreat,

I prethe (ſweet-Hart) what doſt ayle my deare?
Why ſhould this ſorrow in thy lookes appeare:
Doſt thou want any thing, I prethe ſpeake,
Then would ſhe ſigh, as if her hart would breake,
And make as though ſhe wept, and rub her eies,
Till her kinde foole in earneſt ſits and cries,
Proteſting to doe ought that might her pleaſe,
Then laying open to him hir diſeaſe,
She told him that her onely griefe of mind
Proceeded from hard vſage ſhe did find:
For other women (to her extreame care)
Were full of Money, when her purſe was bare.
He hearing this, accounted it good hap,
And threw a bag of Angels in her lap:
Then tooke her by the hand, and (kiſſing) ſwore,
While he had coyne, ſhe ſhould complaine no more:
So to this day his honeſt word doth keepe,
Onely becauſe his wife did ſit and weepe.
Now which of vs will not almoſt do ſo,
Our teares are cheape and plenty, you do know,
For be it ſpoke in ſecret twixt vs heere,
A penny for a pottle is too deere.
Well, I intend to try my Siſters tricke;
Ile firſt be ſullen, after Ile be ſicke:
And if one after t'other will not doo,
I will be ſullen, ſicke, and dogged too,
And chafe, and pout, and loure, and fret, and ſweat,
And in a Weeke not touch a bit of meat:
And when my Husbands tongue he ſtil doth hold,
Then I will be moſt apt to braule and ſcold;
But when he ſpeakes, and would haue me reply,
I'll hold my peace, and (frowning) looke awry.

Theſe are the rules that I intend to keepe,
A Shroe is ten times better then a ſheepe.

The ſecond Goſsip.

NExt vnto her a pretty neate one ſat,
Which tooke a cup of wine, and dranke vp that:
Then filling it vnto another, ſaid,
Ah, wiſh I could, that I were yet a Maid.
We are ſo forward in our youth you know,
When paſt a dozen yeares we once do grow,
We long, and wiſh, and looke, and daily thinke
For you know what, *Cupid* is meat and drinke
Vnto our hungry thoughts, his praiſe we ſing;
Forſooth a Husband is your onely thing.
Poore fooliſh Girles, we know not what we doe,
But take a pride when fellowes come to woe,
Ile tell you one thing, but no words Ile haue,
I know I ſpeake it to the wiſe and graue:
When I was Maid, with Chalke behind our doore,
Some fiue and forty Suitors I did ſcore:
And I would vſe the fooles alike (all kinde)
For which, continuall fauours I did finde:
Ile tell you truth, the Gloues which ſome did giue,
Are more then I can weare out while I liue.
Each was reſolu'd, he did my loue poſſeſſe;
For like a crafty queane (I muſt confeſſe)
I gaue kinde words, and ſmiles, and kiſſes too,
And things that ſhall be nameleſſe I did doo:
Which ſhall be left to youth, 'tis gone and paſt,
I haue not bin the firſt, nor ſhall be laſt
Of waggiſh Wenches: for when we are gone,

Ther's little ones new bred are growing on.
But (in good ſadneſſe) I am plagued now
For all my knauery, and Ile tell you how.
Of all my choiſe (for forty fiue was plenty)
I tooke a Clowne the very worſt of twenty,
Indeed he doth allow me Coyne at will,
For to be-lye the Diuell it is ill:
But heere's his fault, hee'le croſſe me many a way,
When I would haue my humour, he ſayes nay.
Let me bid one do this, he ſayes do that,
My wife talkes oftentimes ſhe knowes not what;
Yea, when that many ſtrangers are in place,
Hee's not aſham'd to offer this diſgrace,
For which we two haue often fallings out,
And ſometimes at the fiſt we haue a bout.
I care not greatly whoſoere it know,
If he ſtrike me, Ile match him blow for blow;
For though he be my head (as people talke)
about his pate my fiſts ſometimes doth walke;
He ſhall haue euen as good as he doth bring,
I will not dye in's debt for any thing.
Vnto my Parents I do ſeeme the liker,
For well I wot, my Mother was a ſtriker:
And I haue ſeene her take my Father downe,
That he was euen affraid to ſee her frowne.
He would ſometime come wrangling in a dore,
But when my Mother with a cudgell ſwore,
and ſaid but to him, *Richard ſhall I come?*
Why preſent he had not a word but *Mum.*
I noting this, vnto my ſelfe would ſay,
That ſame tricke wil I haue another day:
For if I meet with one that's like my Father,

Ile

Ile take no blowes, Ile ſee him hanged rather.
Indeed I finde my Husband but a bragger,
His humour is, he will a little ſwagger,
And ſeemes as if he were Knight of the Sunne.
But let me ſtand to him, and he hath done.
At firſt (indeed) he put me in a feare,
When as I heard him but begin to ſweare:
Then ſpake I faire, and to him was right kinde,
Thinking to put him in a better minde.
I tride him thus a while, but t'was a wonder
How he would dominiere, and keepe me vnder.
Nay then (quoth I) Ile try my Mothers tricke,
And valiantly tooke vp a Faggot-ſticke.
(For he had giuen me a blow or twaine)
But as he likes it, let him ſtrike againe,
The blood ran downe about his eares apace,
I brake his head, and all beſcratch't his face:
Then got him downe, and with my very fiſt
I did bepommell him vntill he piſt.
So from that houre vnto this preſent day,
He neuer durſt begin another fray:
But is content to let all fighting ceaſe,
A Faggot-ſticke hath bound him to the peace.

The third Goſsip.

WEll done in truth, yea, and Gra-mercy *Beſſe*,
Would I had part of thy braue valiantneſſe,
I lacke it wench (in ſadneſſe) very much:
For I haue one all Hell affoords none ſuch,
He vſeth me in all things as he liſt,
Oh that I could but rule him with my fiſt,

As thou doest thine, how happy should I be,
If I had but a courage like to thee;
It grieues me to the hart I cannot doe it,
Nature hath not enabled me vnto it:
I haue as tall a tongue as others haue,
And can affoord him Rascall, drunkard, knaue,
Gull, coxcombe, noddy, ideot, and asse,
The veryest Calfe that euer went to grasse,
Block-headed buzzard, and a hundred like,
But I could neuer haue the heart to strike:
If that I durst once venter for to beat him,
As in mine anger I could euen eat him,
In conscience I might be his Maister sure,
If I the tryall of it durst endure.
Sometimes methinkes I could a cudgell take,
But then my very heart begins to quake,
For to my selfe my inward thoughts do speake,
My husband is too strong, and I too weake:
Which makes me often wish I had the power
To make my selfe a man but halfe an houre,
That so I might reuenge my selfe a while,
I would be talkt of many a hundred Mile
For valour, I should make him tremble then,
And be example vnto other men.
Oh I would teach my dominiering youth,
To strike a woman while he liu'd in truth.
Onetime he came home drunke, and then thought I,
Now for to cudgell him I will go try.
His case was then so weake he could not stand,
And I might easie get the vper hand:
But I conceiu'd 'twill turne vnto my sorrow,
The drunken foole would thinke vpon't to morrow:

And then I shall be sure to pay for all,
I know the weakest must vnto the wall.
This made me very fearefull to proceed,
And for my life I durst not do the deed:
But in his way I set a little stoole,
And ouer that, downe comes my reeling foole:
That was to plague him somewhat for his sins,
For I am sure it mortified his shins,
And then I seem'd to be exceeding sad,
Saying deare husband what a fall you had?
Giue me yout hand that I may helpe you rise;
And tooke a handkerchief, and wip't mine eyes,
As if that I had wept for very griefe,
Being my selfe the causer of it chiefe:
But of a troth (as you may well beleeue)
I laugh't most brauely at it in my sleeue.
And then into a chaire I did him set,
Asking him if a Chirurgion should be fet,
And tying of a Kirchiefe 'bout his hed,
I left him fast asleepe and went to bed:
All this I did to please in outward showes,
Being my pollicy to scape from blowes.
But the next morning in his soberneſſe,
I rang his eares a peale, you'le hardly geſſe.
Thou filthy beast (quoth I) hast thou no shame,
To make thy selfe a common laughing game,
art thou a man thus to abuse thy wife?
Assuredly, 'tis pitty of thy life.
I sit all day euen like a prisoner heere,
and thou com'st home laden with Wine and Beere,
and if I tell thee for thy good thereof,
(Like all lewd Knaues) good counsell thou do'st scoffe:

My tongue thou tearmeſt but a Serpents ſting,
Thus doth the diuell lead thee in a ſtring,
Thou haſt no power good Motions to imbrace:
Cam'ſt thou not home laſt night in ſcuruy caſe,
Bleeding, and hurt, my ſorrow to prouoke?
It were no matter if thy necke were broke.
Thus did I rattle him, till choller grew,
And then he at my head a Cuſhion threw;
Saying, there skold, take ſomewhat for thy paines.
Go to (quoth I) y'are beſt beat out my braines
With Cuſhions now, to make the prouerbe true,
Then out goes he to meete the curſed crue,
And to inquire who t'was did hurt him ſo,
But Ile keepe that (my wenches) cloſe, I trow.

The fourth Goſsip.

WEll Gentlewomen (ſaid the fourth) I ſee
You haue great reaſon to complain all three,
Vpon your husbands, they are bad indeed,
But I haue one (in conſcience) doth exceed:
The chiefeſt thing wherein he takes delight,
Is to be vp at Dice and Cards all night.
He is a Gameſter, though no Cocke of game,
For I do find he doth his buſines lame,
In things (you know my meaning) I cant worth praiſe,
But faſt and welcome as a number ſayes,
Al's one for that, my care hath euer bin,
Becauſe he will not ſtay a nights within,
But runneth ſtill abroad from place to place,
Waſting away his Money lewd and baſe:
His Gameſters companies heele not refuſe,

For all the milde behauiour I can vse;
Intreat him, kind deare husband play no more,
And speake him faire vntill my tongue be sore,
Request him if in loue with Cards he be,
That he would play at *Noddy* but with me,
Or if he loue the Tables so a life,
Why then to play at *Dublets* with his wife.
No, no, t'is death vnto him, out he must.
To keepe the Money in his purse from rust:
Novum and *Passage*, scoure his Mettall bright,
New-cut euen makes a Begger of him right.
Looke heere's the best apparrell that I haue,
The very wedding Gowne my Father gaue:
He neuer gaue me yet a paire of Gloues,
I am beholding more to others loues
Then vnto him, in honest manner tho,
And (Gossips) I beseech you take it so.
There are kinde Gentlemen, some two or three,
And they indeed my louing Kinsmen be,
Which will not see me want, I know it I,
Two of them at my house in Terme time lye,
And comfort me with iests and odde deuice,
When as my Husbands out a nights at Dice.
For if I were without a merry friend,
I could not liue a twelue-month to an end:
One of them gaue me this same Ruffe of Lawne,
It cost three pound, but last weeke in the Pawne.
Do y'thinke my husband would haue bin so free?
Alas he neuer made so much of mee.
Nay t'other day at Church I spide a Hat,
My minde and eye was neuer off from that,
The onely fashion to content alone,

Yet thinke you he would buy me such a one.
No, I protest, but when I made the motion;
Oh wife (said he) pray where was your deuotion?
Go you to Church to find new fashions out?
Is this the exercise you are about?
In that same sacred place (ordaind for Prayer)
Are you so void of feare and devout care?
How now (quoth I) heere's Vice will folly teach,
Take in your Geese, the Fox begins to preach,
What haue we heere: a mortified man?
Is Dice and Cards become a Puritan?
Oh admirable change, I pray *New-cut*,
Into what deuout humour are you put?
And thus I fitted good-man counterfeit,
For he had put me in a chafing heat,
And surely being mou'd, I home can speake;
Some wit I haue, a Knauish iest to breake.
My husband he was husht, and went his way,
The Cox-combe Asse had not a word to say:
But in a doores he got exceeding grim,
Twas next day noone ere I set eyes on him.
This man wil talke full well, and speake of heauen,
Yet leaues his louing wife at sixe and seauen:
Goes forth one day, and commeth home the next,
To proue this lawfull, sure he hath no text.
Wel, ere the weeke do end, I make no doubt,
But we shal haue another falling out,
Ile crosse him he was neuer better crost,
And put him in a heat against the frost
For that same Hat, wherein he did me wrong,
(As you know what it is when women long)
He shall repent it (marke what I do say)

Ten times within a Twelue-month and a day,
Ile keepe the rest of that I haue intended,
A little faide (they say) is soone amended.
But euen as true as I was borne a Maid,
I owe him that good turne which shall be paid.

The fift Gossip.

SVre (quoth the fift) I do not meane to flatter,
Were all such husbands hang'd, it made no matter.
I haue a sound card for a womans stay,
Hee's drunke but once a week, that's e'ry day.
Oh 'tis the filthiest man I do protest,
That euer was of giddy pate possest:
Himselfe all day in Tauernes he bestowes,
and comes to bed at night in shooes and hose;
And there he lyes as cleanly as a Hog,
Perfum'd as sweet as any stinking Dog,
With filthy leaues he smoakes his head with all,
Such Weeds, as *Indians* do *Tobacco* call:
But sure as *Black-amores* looke outward skin,
So Collier-like are English-men within,
That take such trash: for there be Doctors say,
The memory of Man it doth decay,
and poysoning the braine, it makes it dul,
When loathsome vapours fil each passage ful.
I am a woman, yet ile vndertake,
The credit of this fire-worke quite to shake,
Gainst any Maister-gunner of the trade.
No reason in the world that can perswade
Vertue remaineth in a little smoake,
That to ourSences doth offence prouoke:
Hold but your face where wood a kindling lyes,

Apply

Apply the Medicine to your noſe and eyes,
Into your mouth let it haue paſſage free,
And note how welcome this ſame ſtuffe will be,
Fye out vpon't, it makes a filthy ſmell,
My noſe likes a *Sir-reuerence* as well.
I thinke a thouſand times I do complaine,
And tell my husband that he ſhould reſtraine
This making of a Chimney of his noſe:
He had a breath as ſweet as any Roſe
Before he vſed this ſame ſcuruy tricke,
But now, if I do kiſſe him I am ſicke,
With this ſame fough; beſhrow your heart ſay I,
Tobacco ſtinkes, you poyſon me, I dye.
Then what does he, but ſayes, Go hang thee Queane,
This wholeſome Phiſicke keepes my body cleane,
Ile take it for to anger thee withall:
Then for a Candle and a Pipe hee'le call,
A Trencher Whore, let there a Ruſh be got,
Some Paper, make the Fire-ſhouell hot,
A Knife, ſome Match, and reach a little Wyre,
A Tinder-box, fetch me a coale of Fyre.
Why heeres a ſtirre, what woman can endure it?
And yet this life I haue (Goſsips) aſſure it.
But now and then I fit him in his kinde,
When any ſmoaky ſtuffe of his I finde:
For when I meet with his *Tobacco* Box,
I ſend it to the priuy with a pox.
Then hee'le go raging vp and downe, and ſweare,
He miſſeth ſuch moſt rare and wholeſome geare,
The like did neuer grow on *India* ground,
and euery ounce for goodneſſe worth a pound.
Thus doth he liue, and make a daily courſe

To smoake himselfe, keeping an empty purse,
With Beere, Wine, and *Tobacco*, what cares he,
Sinke I, or swim, it matters not for me.
Is this a life, iudge Gossips, iudge I pray?
My discontent succeedeth day by day.
When first I married with this drunken drone,
I was a propper wench it is well knowne:
And though I say't that should not, one or other,
In all our parish, was not such another.
I did refuse as handsome men and wise,
As euer girdle girt, let that suffice.
And if good Fortune I had not withstood,
I might in Conscience sure haue worne a Hood.
My husband had as much with me (that Curre)
as Mistres *Susans* husband had with her:
Besides I know all you that are in place,
Will iudge that I haue farre a better face,
More propper body, and for hand and foot
Ile put her downe, and giue her legges to boot:
Yet notwithstanding my good parts, you see
How Lady-like she is maintain'd to me.
But well, if I proone widdow ere I dye,
It shall go hard but I will looke as hye.

The sixt Gossip.

FRiends (quoth the sixt) each hath reueal'd his griefe,
Yet giue me leaue to thinke that mine is chiefe:
Would with your worst I might a husband change
Sure I would thinke my hap lesse hard and strange,
Your fiue indeed are bad, I must confesse,
But mine is euen the worst of all the Messe.

All yours may be indur'd, but tis a hell
When men do loue their neighbours wiues too wel.
Thinke that I doe not speake it of ill will,
(As true as this is wine I meane to fill)
Nor out of iealousie, take it not so,
Into that humour I did neuer grow:
I speake it Gossips (first Ile drinke) do y'heare?
Eu'n from the wrongs that I do know I beare.
My Husband's lewd, giuen to go astray,
His loue to me now daily doth decay,
Quite altred from the man that he hath bin,
Euen giuen ouer to the fleshly sin.
Ther's not a Whore in *London* nor about,
But he hath all the haunts to find her out.
He knowes the Pandars that can fit his turne,
And Bauds that helpe good fellowes to the burne:
Taffity Queanes, and fine light silken Whores,
That haue the gift of pox in their owne pores,
and can teach French in halfe a day by noone,
as leacherous as a Monkey or Baboone,
That daily go like Ladies in attire,
And liue by hacking out themselues to hire,
More common rid, re-rid, and ridden ouer,
Then any Iade betwixt Graues-end and Douer:
And let me aske, what's such a one, or she
With Fan and Maske? His Cozens all they be.
What's she that hath the iewell in her haire,
and on her backe the Cobwebs Lawne most rare,
Hauing a Vintners bush vpon her head,
All trim'd with shoo-strings, tawny, greene and red;
Whose Fan weighs more, tride onely by the Feather,
Then all her honest trickes, being ioyn'd together:

Forsooth his Cozen, shee's most neere of kin,
This lying humour he is euer in.
He hath all that to villany belongs,
The hugest number of such baudy songs,
You euen would wonder (Gossips, this is plaine)
That any man could beare them in his braine.
He hath a song cald, *Mistris will you do?*
And *My man Thomas did me promise* to,
He hath the *Pinnace rigd with silken saile,*
And pretty Birds, with *Garden Nightingale,*
Ile tye my Mare in thy ground a new way,
Worse then the Players sing it in the Play,
Besse for abuses, and a number more,
That you and I haue neuer heard before.
And these among those wenches he doth learne,
Which by actiuity their liuings earne:
His Crownes vpon them frankly he bestowes,
Not caring for his wife, or how she goes:
Let me complaine for any kind of stuffe,
What answeres he? Thy clothes are good enough,
I like thee well, and should if thou went'st worse.
These are his cogging trickes to saue his purse,
So he may spare to spend it vpon me,
He neuer doth regard on whom it be.
Let me but walke with him along the street,
'Tis wonderfull how many he doth meet,
That do salute him, looking all like queanes;
But then heele scarcely speake by any meanes,
Onely he winkes on them, and passes by,
Making account, *The blind eates many a Fly.*
But I can smell the Knauery of him out,
And very shortly (I do make no doubt)

To take him napping, I haue laid a plot
Shall coole the Gentleman is growne so hot.
I say no more, there's somewhat in the winde,
The Cat oft winkes, and yet she is not blinde.
All friends, no words, be merry, come who drinks?
Little our goodmen knowes what their wiues thinkes.
Let's point a time when we shall meet againe,
and she that failes, we will imoyne this paine,
Fiue shillings to be spent in Wine, pawne downe,
Gossips, for good example there's my Crowne.

The end of the Sixe Gossips.

Sixe Husbands.

Pray Maisters giue vs leaue a while,
Now you haue heard our wiues:
Weele ouerthrow them horse and foote,
Or else weele loose our liues.

Six honeſt HVSBANDS giue their Wiues the lye.

The firſt accuſed by his Wife to bee Miſerable.

THere is ancient Prouerbe vs'd of old,
The firſt tale's good, vntill the next be told.
a lyers tongue, is tearmed falſhoods mint,
We haue beene ſlandered by our wiues in print,
Yet haue bin ſilent it appeares too long,
The world may cenſure we haue done them wrong,
Becauſe with ſilence it hath paſt away.
But Gentlemen, now giue vs leaue I pray
To vſe apologie, and by no meanes
Giue credit to ſuch cunning crafty queanes:
For they haue ſlandred vs, vpon our liues;
The caſe may be your owne if you haue wiues:
and therefore be nor partially inclin'd,
But heare the matter with indifferent mind.
A Tauerne for their parly they did chuſe,
and there (forſooth) as pratling Goſsips vſe,
Like *Catoes* wife, they preſently be led,
To vtter all that comes into their head.
And firſt my *Ione*, (a very prating Dame)
Of ſparing, and of hardneſſe doth me blame:
She wanteth money (as ſhe ſayes) to ſpend,
Sirs, can a man get Coyne vnto that end?
My purſe ſhe ſayes is ſlowly comming out,
But her hand is too nimble thereabout;

Sheele set it going, she can make it flye,
And if I speake, she answeres, *What care I?*
Ile be maintained Gentle woman like,
Then bends her fist as if she meant to strike,
That sometime I am glad to speake her faire
For quietnesse: and tis an honest care,
To haue commaund, onely by manly carriage,
For I do know the ciuill warres of marriage
Too well, by diuers of mine neighbors liues,
That are ore-macht in combat with their wiues;
Blowes therefore we do neuer put in vre,
But a Shrowes tongue I daily do indure.
Giue me some Money, Money is her song,
She loues to be a spending all day long.
Housholders iudge, if al things be not deere,
She gets me not a penny in a yeere,
And spends me pounds aweeke, yet stil complaines,
That neuer taketh any other paines,
But starch a Ruffe, and sit and pricke a clout,
Then walke abroad, this worke she goes about.
Shal I maintaine an ydle huswife so?
There's not an honest man but will say no.
He that doth let his wife haue what she wil,
Being a Foole, sheele keepe him Woodcocke stil.
No, Ile be head, my title Ile not lose,
Shee's wel maintaind, as all my neighbors knowes:
Nay Ile be sworne it makes my purse-strings cracke,
To ruffle her in her pride, and gowne her backe:
She hath six Gownes for wearing ne're the worse,
I would I had fiue of them in my purse:
But tis her humour, and it must be thus,
Pride pleaseth them, how ere it pincheth vs,

There's

There's not a new-found toy, if once they craue it,
Poore husbands ſhall not reſt vntill they haue it.

The Second, charged by his Wife to croſſe her in her humour.

NExt I am blam'd, my huſwife wants her will,
She tels her Goſſips I do vſe her ill:
And yet ſhe doth confeſſe that I am kinde,
In letting her haue Money to her minde.
Yet that's not all the Gentlewomans longing,
Theres other matters to her humours wronging.
She would be Maiſter to command in all,
Do what ſhe liſt: check me, marry and ſhall.
She ſayes I croſſe her, but ſhe croſſes me
In my affaires, ſtil buſie ſhe will be:
I muſt yeeld her account whether I go,
In euery thing, Good-man why do you ſo?
This likes not me, prethe let's haue it thus,
I ſcorne to ſee my neighbour put downe vs;
We wil haue Plate as rich as they haue any,
And yet not be beholding for a penny.
How like an Aſſe my fooliſh husband goes?
Buy me a Sattin doublet to them hoſe.
I can be wel content with going plaine,
But that my wife is of another vaine:
She ſweares ſhe will go braue, I ſhal maintaine her,
Or 'tis an argument I do diſdaine her;
And that her onely care to go ſo fine,
Is but for credit both of hers and mine.
Indeed by this my credit ſure is tride,
For I owe much to maintaine her in pride.

With

With Mercers Bookes I am acquainted still,
And large I furnish out the Taylors Bill.
This is the onely credit that I get,
For brauery to run my selfe in debt.
And when I tell her priuate twixt vs two,
Wife let's be wise, these courses will not do,
You do not go according to my purse,
In parish charges I shall speed the worse,
We must be wise, if you farre meaner went,
It would best please, pray, who should you content
But me? Therefore go to your husbands minde,
And I shal take it (Loue) most wondrous kinde.
Oh on the sodaine how sheele rage and sweare,
That none in London baser minde doth beare.
Sheele call me Gull, and sit her downe and cry,
Then out in tearmes, What curst hap had I?
Weary I am of this same wretched life,
Wouldst thou haue me go like an Oyster wife?
Oh scuruy minded man, I euen scorne thee,
And could finde in my heart base slaue to ( ) thee.
Goest thou about to offer this disgrace?
I would that I had neuer knowne thy face:
When first I saw thee, surely I was mad,
For choyce of fourteene propper men I had;
Yea, euen as handsome creatures to mine eye,
As ere were girt in Girdles (t'is no lye)
And yet I left them all to marry thee.
What greater crosse then this could light on me,
To haue a fellow grumbling at me still,
And all I haue comes from him 'gainst his will:
O wretch, O Lob, who would be thus beclown'd?
I deserue better for two hundred pound.

Two hundred pound in Gold my Father gaue,
To match me with this miserable Knaue,
Whom with my very heart I do disdaine,
Oh would my bargaine were to make againe,
Then I would flaunt it, I would cut it out,
And wiser, ere I leapt would looke about:
I would haue none, but I would make him sweare,
That when I list I might the breeches weare,
My sisters life is happy I may say,
Her husband dares not crosse her any way,
She sayes in's life he neuer gaue her checke,
But can haue any thing euen with a becke:
And why not I attaine the like degree,
That am as proper (I am sure) as she?
Nay, and a little fairer too, I know,
Who sees both faces, he will sweare 'tis so,
But well within my head I haue a tricke,
Some haue their foreheads swell that be not sicke:
Ile haue my will to be maintain'd in all,
And if one will not then another shall.
Maisters how like you this? iudge I beseech,
(On Monday last this was her very speech)
Nay, and she stands vnto it wondrous bold.
The first tale's good, vntill the next be told,
Vpon my life this is a womans vaine,
To wrong her husband first, and then complaine.

The third charged by his wife to bee hard and cruell.

MArry a Widdow? Oh that I were free,
Such mischiefe neuer more should light on me:

Ile pawne my heart, my deareſt blood,
Not one amongſt fiue hundred that prooues good.
They are not kind, they cannot right be ſaid,
To haue ſuch pure affection as a maid:
Ile ſtand to it, and bring my wife to ſweare it,
And Batchelers beleeue it, you that heare it,
Though I (till death do baile me) am faſt bound,
(*Would t'were to morrow for fiue hundred pound*)
Yet by my harmes, I would haue you eſcape,
That haue a Diuell in a womans ſhape:
A woman Diuel, and a Diuell wife,
That makes me weary of a husbands life.
I cannot ſpeake with tongue, nor write with pen
The woſull ſtate of ſuch diſtreſſed men
As I my ſelfe, yet ſomewhat may ſuffice,
To paint her in this paper to your eyes:
That thoſe which with ſuch creatures would be doing,
May by my patterne go to hell a woing,
She is moſt impudent, and ſhameleſſe bold,
Since I was borne I neare heard ſuch a ſcold.
When ſhe is vp, ſhe railes me out of dore,
When I come in, ſhe raileth ten times more:
If I intreat her, ſhe will ſweare and curſe,
If I ſay nothing, ſhe growes worſe and worſe:
I am as patient as a man can be,
When this vile woman thus tormenteth me.
If I be hungry and demaund ſome meate,
Shee'le wiſh me choak't with the next bit I eate,
Then with a dogged countenance will ſay,
Spight of my heart I ſhall her leyſure ſtay.
If I do reaſon mildly with her then,
For euery word I ſpeake, ſhe giues me ten,

And tels me of her t'other husbands praise,
With whom she liued all her happy dayes,
That he would weepe, euen at her finger ake,
And to content her any paines would take.
He was the kindest louing man aliue,
And day and night to please his wife would striue:
Then wishes in his graue with him she lay,
Amen, thinke I, that were my happy day.
For sure a man that's mach't with such a wife,
Hath but two happy dayes in all his life.
The first of them's the day whereon they marry,
For then the thing for which they long did tarry,
With wishing and much expectation still,
Is with great ioy effected to their will.
The second merry day we married haue,
Is when our wiues are carried to their graue:
For we are freed from former thraldome then,
And shaking off the yoke, become free men.
Then we may ioy that we haue got release,
Attaining to a Batchelers sweet peace,
When Serpent dies, adue poyson and sting:
When my wife's gone, farewell venomous thing.
But that's not like to be a long time yet,
Death is too slow in challenging his debt,
Such happinesse to me it will not bring,
She will liue longer then a better thing.
The other day a cunning prancke she plaide,
One of her Gossips she brought to perswade,
That I should furnish her in hast to ride
Vnto a Gentlewoman, neare allyed
Vnto my wife: to see her being sicke:
I did it, but was couzen'd by the tricke,

It was her Cozen as they both gaue out,
But sure they kindred made of me, I doubt.
I sent one after them to be my spye,
An honest friend I know, that will not lye:
He sayes both Gentleman and Boore,
Do all report my Cozen is a Whore,
And she hath gallants haunt her far and neare,
What should my wife and her consort do there?
No goodnesse sure, a mischiefe take them both;
To weare a paire of hornes I would be loth:
But who can helpe, the deed once being done,
It is a thred so close with cunning spun.
But Maisters keepe it secret I do pray,
Do not acquaint my wife with what I say:
Harke in your eare, *If I can proue her so*,
Ile be diuorest, and farewell all my wo,
I do intend to let her haue full scope,
And then a whore will proue a whore I hope:
Let her keepe company with whom she list,
Let her suppose mine eyes be dimn'd with mist,
Let her not care into what sinne she sinkes,
Ile come vpon her when she little thinkes:
And where she takes me for a silly mome,
For all her knau'ry then Ile pay her home.

The fourth complained by his wife to be a common Gamester.

NEighbours, now you haue done, my turn is next,
That beyond reason with a wife am vext,
At first a Begger, once scarce worth a lowse,
Whom I haue made the Mistris of my house:

Euen my Maid, a very Kitchin drudge,
Ofwhoſe conditions I intreat you iudge.
Daily till ten a clocke a bed ſhe lyes,
And then againe her Lady-ſhip doth riſe,
Her Maid muſt make a fire, and attend
To make her ready, then for wine ſheele ſend,
(A morning pinte) ſhe ſayes her ſtomack's weake,
And counterfeits as if ſhee could not ſpeake,
Vntill eleuen, or a little paſt,
About which time, euer ſhe breakes her faſt,
Then (very ſullen) ſhe wil pout and loure,
And ſit downe by the fire ſome halfe an houre.
At twelue a clocke her dinner time ſhe keepes,
Then gets into her chaire, and there ſhe ſleepes
Perhaps till foure, or ſomewhat thereabout,
And when that lazie humour it worne out,
She cals her dog, and takes him in her lap,
Or fals a beating of her maid (perhap)
Or hath a Goſſip come to tell a Tale,
Or elſe at me ſheele curſe, and ſweare, and rale,
Or walke a turne or two about the Hall,
And ſo to ſupper and to bed, heeres all
This paines ſhe takes, and yet I do abuſe her,
But no wiſe man I thinke ſo kind would vſe her:
I am a Foole to ſuffer that I do,
Yet loue and kindneſſe leads me ſo thereto,
I cannot chuſe but yeeld vnto her ſtill,
This makes bad wiues to let them haue theyr will:
And thus they grow from euill vnto worſe,
Yet when I do intend another courſe,
It will not be, ſhe ſhewes her cunning art,
It ouer-comes my honeſt, true, kinde heart:

Sometimes her lookes will carry ſuch a ſway,
That for my life I cannot ſay her nay:
Sometimes her teares do charme me in ſuch wiſe,
That I giue credit to deceiuing eyes.
Sometimes her words in ſuch great force do ſtand,
I yeeld to euery thing ſhe doth demaund:
And ſometimes her out-ragious madding fits,
Makes me as mad as ſhe, beſide my wits.
And where ſhe ſayes I am a gameſter, ſirs,
'Tis but a villanous deuice of hers,
That men ſhould of this hard opinion be,
If that we do not thriue, 'tis long of me.
Beleeue it not, alas it doth appeare,
That I play ſcarce at Tables in a yeare:
Dice I deteſt, and Cards as much I hate,
Neither am I as ſhe ſayes out ſo late;
As was reported when your wiues and ſhee
At Vinters Hall, were making their tongues free.
What is it that ſuch tatling Goſſips dare not?
To wrong their husbands, nay (themſelues) they care not;
For rather then with ſilence they will ſit,
Againſt themſelues they'le vtter out their wit,
As my wife did in one complaint ſhe made,
about a Hat, that I to her denaide,
'Twas her deuotion at the Church to ſpy it,
And there continually (ſhe ſayes) ſhe ey'd it,
With great affection, yet by me denide.
Where were your thoughts, on Prayer, or elſe on Pride?
This ſhewes what follies they do entertaine,
and that their ſpeeches (like themſelues) be vaine.
All men that know what creatures women are,
For tatling of their wiues do little care.

'Tis

'Tis but a breath, euen like *Tobacco* smoake,
Which if they should not vtter, they would choake.
If they conceiue a thing within their minde,
(Althaugh the substance of it be but winde)
It must be vtt'red forth, and haue quicke vent,
Or with themselues they grow most discontent.
Well, I am further charged with vntruth,
By this my male-contented female youth.
She sayes I neuer gaue her gowne? Oh lye,
Who paide for that last weeke, belike not I:
I giue her Money still, and she buyes stuffe,
But now I smell a Rat, I haue enough,
Belike some Gallants do their bounty show,
And for her kindnesse, kindnesse they bestow;
She Traffickes with them, changing ware for ware,
and so my money in her purse doth spare:
It may be thus, and now I much suspect,
Vnto my browes ile haue a more respect,
I haue beene troubled much with head-ache late,
Something I feare doth swell about my pate:
Most curiously I willl obserue the thing,
If it do bud as now tis toward the Spring,
I will not be a Wittoll and an asse,
But euen next Summer turne my wife to grasse.

The fift, complained on by his wife to be a common Drunkard.

MY Maisters heer's good stuffe, if this geare hold,
When honest men by sluts ate thus contrould:
In absence, to haue credit ouerthrowne,
And we made Guls for them to play vpon,

Shall

Shall we endure it, and be made fooles ſtill:
No, Ile curbe mine, vpon my life I will,
And keepe her ſomewhat ſhorter in a doore,
A Tauerne tell-tale ſhe ſhall be no more.
Neighbours, I thinke you know me, all are heere,
Although I loue a Cup of Wine or Beere:
And as good-fellow, ſometime trade therewith,
Yet did you neuer ſee me *Smug the Smith*?
Did any of you euer know me reele?
Or in a ſtorme of Ale turne vp the Keele?
In all your liues did any ſee me ſo,
That with theſe paire of legs I could not go?
pray ſpeake my Maiſters, for I may miſtake,
A man will venter much for good wines ſake.
But if I haue bin ſometimes ouer-ſhot,
In calling for too much by t'other pot;
Shall my wife chatter till her tongue be weary,
And terme me Drunkard, when I am but merry;
Wil any louing wife be ſo vnkinde?
Or doth not duty and good manners binde
A woman to forbeare, to winke, and hide,
And not to raile, to ſlaunder, and to chide,
She might haue ſaide in priuate certainly,
Husband, laſt night you ſung a pot to hye,
Or my deere loue, pray thee where haſt thou bin?
In truth (Sweet-hart) you are a little in.
All this were well indifferent to be borne:
But ſhall ſhe lay me open (as in ſcorne)
To her companions ſcoffing at me ſo,
As if I daily could not ſtand nor go.
She tearmes me *Sound card for a womans ſtay,*
Drunke once a weeke, and that is euery day,

The filthiest Drunkard (thus she doth protest)
That euer was of giddy braine possest.
And further, to the world she doth disclose,
That I come into bed in shooes and hose:
And horrible Tobacco do so drinke,
That she is almost poyson'd with the stinke.
Well, this is good, but marke the end at last,
In a new mould this woman I will cast,
Her tongue in other order I will keepe,
Better she had bin in her bed asleepe,
Then in a Tauerne, when those words she spake;
A little paines with her I meane to take:
For she shall find me in another tune,
Betweene this February and next Iune:
In sober sadnesse I do speake it now,
And to you all I make a solemne vow,
The chiefest Art I haue I will bestow,
About a worke cald taming of the Shrow.
It makes my heart to fret, my lookes to frowne,
That we should let our wiues thus put vs downe.
But for mine owne part I haue now decreed,
To do a good and charitable deed.
If she begin her former course a fresh,
I haue a tricke to mortifie her flesh:
Vnto you all example I will giue,
Perhaps youle thanke me for it while you liue.
But for your selues, to nothing Ile perswade,
Because the blame on me shall not be laid:
Orher mens wiues I meane to let alone,
I shall haue worke enough to tame mine owne.

The ſixt complained on by his wife to be vnconſtant to her, and haunt Whores.

SWeare not, for I beleeue your word in this,
No kind of croſſe like a bad woman is:
I know your hands are full, neighbour 'tis true,
And ſo is each mans heere, no leſſe then you.
I ſhare in Shrow indifferent well,
One that doth make my houſe reſemble hell:
Becauſe her diuelliſh nature is ſo bad,
No quietneſſe can at her hands bee had.
Will you beleeue me? Sirs I will not lye,
She hath the moſt accurſed iealous eye
That euer I haue knowne, or euer ſhall:
And I perceiue, that heere's none of you all
Equall with me, for wicked womans fleſh;
Shee'le raile all day, at night begin a freſh,
And with that tune into her bed ſhe lyes,
Scolds in her ſleepe, and ſcolds when ſhe doth riſe.
And why is this thinke you? Marry Ile tell,
She ſayes, *I loue my neighbours wiues too well,*
But if I were this inſtant houre to dye,
Ile take it on my death that ſhe doth lye.
Sometimes I aſke my neighbours how they do,
Giue them a pinte (perhaps) and kiſſe them to:
Why what of this? and if a man do ſo,
May't not be done, and yet no euill grow;
Kindneſſe may lead a man vnto kind carriage,
And yet he may be conſtant in his marriage,
But for my wife I do not care a pin,
What ſcuruy mind ſoeuer ſhe be in,

To

To slander me with whores, my credit's knowne,
She hath a lying tongue (friends) of her owne,
To say that *I* bad houses do frequent,
And there on common whores my loue is spent.
I neuer was in baudy house but twice,
And there indeed a friend did me intice
To see some fashions, onely there we dranke,
And saw a gallant Quene, her name was *Franke*,
In a silke gowne, loose bodyed, so was she,
Not that *I* tride, but as they told me:
She gaue vs good *Tobacco*, sweet, and strong,
And of meere kindnesse sung a Bawdy song.
This *I* protest was euen all we did,
Yet oh when I came home, how I was chid:
Some Rascall told my wife, that ought me spight,
And I was villaind for it sound at night.
And euer since if any strife arise,
She asketh me where Mistris *Francis* lies:
Cals her my whore, and sayes that I and she,
Both of a haire and of a humour be.
But well, It skils not, let her talke and spare not,
I haue set downe my rest, in troth I care not:
I see it is no wisedome any way,
To storme in mind at that which women say.
Their mouths cannot containe their tongues within,
For when they're maids, ere wedlocke they begin,
At euery meeting, then they do discouer
The disposition of each kind of louer.
Ione hath a propper handsome man in truth,
But *Iudiths* is not halfe so kinde a youth:
Nan knowes not what a Iewell she hath got,
But *Dorothies* sweet-hart, I like him not.

Thus being Maides, they do their Lovers vse,
And being Wiues their Husbands they abuse.
Therefore in this case let vs be content,
Tis now too late our bargaines to repent:
But let vs hope they'le shortly to their graue,
And then we quyet liues a peece shall haue:
And he to whom kind *Death* this freedome giues,
Let him take heed of wiuing while he liues.

FINIS.

BIBLIOTECA BODLEIANA

TIS Merry vvhen Gossips meet.

BODLEIANA BIBLIOTHECA

LONDON,
Printed for Iohn Deane, and are
to be solde at his shop vnder
Temple-barre. 1609.

(***)

In Commendations of this Booke.

I Cannot tell how others will thee like,
But my conceit is, thou art paſſing wittie:
No viperous tongue thy pleaſant vaine will ſtrike?
And if they ſhould (infaith) the more t'were pittie.
Thou medleſt not with *Wines* which ciuill bee,
But *Widdowes* wanton; *Maydes* of mean'ſt degree:
What reaſon then haue Enuious, enuie thee?

Thou art not ſeated in a ſumptuous Chaire,
Nor do thy Lines import of Maieſty:
Thy Table is not deck't with coſtly faire:
Thy Seruants at a call, Anon will crie.
Indeed thy drinke is (Spirit, Vigor, Life,
No ſpurre to Enuy, nor no prop for Strife)
Good Wine, which cheare's a *Widdow*, *Maide*, or *Wife*.

Thou art not thwack't with Bawdy riball ſtuffe,
Nor do'ſt thou touch in ought a Vertuous creature:
Thou need'ſt not care though Vice at thee do ſnuffe,
A vicious man is like a fiery Meature,
Which ſhewes farre off a terror to the eye,
Yet as a flaſh of Lightning ſoone doth dye:
But thou of Myrth, and not of Hate, art framed.
A Goſsips friendly meeting, art thou named.

I. S.

'Tis merry when Goſsips meet.

The Conference.

GOod den good Couſſen; Ieſu, how de'e do? *Widdow*
When ſhall we eate another *Dagger Pie?*
You are a ſtranger, Chriſt when met we two?
I Muſe you do not call as you go by:
What lucky buſineſſe pra'y hath brought you hither,
That we ſhould meet at *Tauerne*-doore togither? *Wife*

In truth (kind Couſſe) my comming's from the *Pawne.*
But *I* proteſt I loſt my labour there:
A *Gentleman* promiſt to giue me *Lawne,*
And did not meet me, which he well ſhall heare.
Some lets may happen in the way vnknowne: *Widdow*
He hath been hindred, that's to bide vpon. *Wife*

Why how now *Beſſe*? to paſſe vnſeene dooſt thinke? *Widdow*
Where go'ſt my wench? *Beſ:* To ſee my brother *Steuen*
Heere's *Widdow*, *Wife*, and *Maid*: Efayth let's drinke *Widdow*
A parting Pint, and ſo God make vs euen:
Slip in good Couſſen, you are next the dore,
Won pinte of kindneſſe and away, no more.

vvife No in good faith: Introth I muſt away,
My husbands forth, our ſhop muſt needs be tended,
Mayde My Mother's gone to Church, I cannot ſtay,
If I be found from home, ſhee'le be offended:
Widdow Ile lead the way my ſelfe: Lord, heere's a life,
I know theſe ſhifts ſince I was Maid and Wife.

Widdow Where ſhall we be? (*Vint:*) I pray go vp the ſtaires,
vvife Good Couſſen no, let's take it ſtanding heere,
Widdow Beſhrew me then, where euery one repaires,
Ile none of that, weele haue a roome my deere:
Come, you looke that I ſhould be your leader,
Wife Couſſe, that's becauſe you are a nimble treader.

Vintner Y're welcome Gentle-women; what Wine drinke ye?
Widdow Al's one to me: what ſay you Miſtris *Beſſe*,
Wife What wine's the beſt for our complexions thinke ye?
Vintner I haue no Phyſicke, (*wife*) yet good Brother geſſe;
Widdow Why ha'ſt good Clarret? (*Vint.*) the beſt in London,
Wife Either fill good; be briefe, or leau't vndon.

Vintner Heere *Gentlewomen* this is neat and pure,
Wife Pray taſt it Couz, you know good Wine and Beere,
Widdow Good Lord, good Lord, that you grow ſo demure:
Let's drinke familiar, wherefore come we heere?
This to you both, Couz, *Grace*, and Miſtris *Beſſe*,
A full Carouſe, Ile haue you pledge no leſſe.

Tis

T'is pretty wine in truth: nay fill your Cup,
Wee'le haue no pingling now we are alone,
If heere were men, I would not drinke it vp
For twenty pounds my selfe; but now al's one:
Sometime wet lip, and smell the Wine's enuffe,
And leese a kisse, rather then marre our Ruffe.

But now let's barre dissembling to be merry,
And in good earnest entertaine our Wine;
This touch, and taste, makes the sences weary,
What reason now we should be foolish fine?
No Louers nor no Suter's heere, that sees it,
We haue good time and liquor, let's not leese it.

Content (say I) nay *Besse* Ile be thy skinker, *Wife*
In truth (forsooth) a full Cup doth excell: *Mayde*
Good Lord, I am become a might drinker.
Another Pint; the fellow vs'd vs well: *widdow*
I by my troth, the wine is good in truth: *wife*
Fill tother Pint, (*wid.*) Prethee go right sweet youth

Now Cousse, heere's to our friends in *Soperlane*, *widdow*
Let come sweet Couzen, I will pledge them all, *Wife*
But Iesu Christ! what is become of *Iane*? *widdow*
Oh, she is gone to dwell by *London-wall*: *wife*
Good God (in sooth) I neuer was more merry, *widdow*
Then when we both did dwell in *Bucklers-berry*.

Now heauenly Christ, how pleasant we haue bin,
But yet one time we had a cruell stirre,
A Drapers man and she were mighty in.
I pra'y, whats she with him, or he with her?
Wife Faith both in loue: Well, *Iane's* an honest Mayd:
Widdow But Lord the prankes that we mad Wenches playd.

My Mistresse got my Maister to consent
One Midsommer, shee being very ill,
To leaue the Citty, and go lye in *Kent*,
By which good hap, we had the house at will:
There *Roger*, *Iane*, and I, met euery night;
Wife Heere *Besse*: good Brother fil's a quart of White.

Widdow No Musique in the Euening we did lacke,
Such dauncing Cousses you would hardly thinke it;
Whole pottles of the daintiest burned Sack,
T'would do a wench good at the heart to drinke it.
Such store of tickling Galliards, I do vow,
Not an old Dance, but *Iohn come kisse me now*.

And let them talke, and praise the marriage life
To be so ful of pleasure, as they say:
I that haue liu'd both Widdow, Maide, and Wife,
And try'd all pleasures euery kind of way,
Know what to do, and will maintaine this still,
That of the three, Maides haue the world at will.

Efayth they haue and haue not ; for you know, *Wife*
(Put to the doore, heere's none but friends you ſee)
They ſay, Loue creepeth where it cannot go:
Maids muſt be married, leaſt they mar'd ſhould bee:
I will be ſworne, before I ſaw fifteene,
I wiſht that I my wedding day had ſeene.

Tuſh tittle tattle: *Beſſe*, it muſt be done,
My Couſſen thinkes not as her words import,
I could not for a world haue liu'd a Nunne:
Oh, fleſh is fraile, we are a ſinfull ſort,
I know that beautious wenches are inclinde
To harbour handſome men within their minde.

Couſſen, you meane becauſe a Mayd is free,
Hauing no head to keepe her body vnder,
She liues a life not bound ſo much as we:
The reſt is ſimple, and it makes me wonder,
That you which haue with *Venus* ſports bin fed,
Should put ſuch errors in a Maydens head.

Nay, but I pray you vnderſtand my reaſon,
The youthfull fauours that they do attaine,
For this you know, that all the wooing ſeaſon, *Widdow*
Sutors with Gifts continuall ſeeke to gaine
Their Miſtreſſe loue, to ioyne with their affection,
With words and liues, humbled in ſubiection.

wife That's very true, the bounty of their loues,
Are lib'rall ſtill with many a kind reſpect;
In conſcience I had twenty paire of Gloues
When I was Maid, giuen to that effect:
Garters, Kniues, Purſes, Girdles, ſtore of Rings,
And many a hundred dainty pretty things.

widdow Well Cozen well, thoſe daies in date be paſt,
wife T'is very true, with vs that world doth change,
Heere ſtands a cup of Wine, pray who dranke laſt?
widdow Why that did *I.* to *Beſſe*: Lord, Maids be ſtrange:
They looke for thouſand words of Sweet, and Pray,
And take few things, to which they ſay not nay.

Mayde T'is Maidens modeſty to vſe deniall,
A willing offer commeth twice or thice,
widdow But heere's a cup of Wine doth ſtand for triall,
Your Maiden-ſhip takes liquor in too nice:
Pray mend your fault kind Beſſe, wee'l none of that,
Wine and Virginity kept ſtale, drinke flat.

Mayde You are to blame, in truth, we drinke like men,
Now by my truely I am e'ne aſhamed,
widdow Tut wench, God knowes when we ſhall meet agen;
Nor need we feare of husbands to be blamed:
Our cent of wine ſhall not by them be felt,
The married wife in kiſsing will be ſmelt.

Oh Couz, if that be all the worst, I care not, *wife*
Ile take allowance euen with the best:
This Cup to you, you shall not say I dare not:
My husband smell? Oh Iesu! there's a iest,
I care as little for my husbands smelling,
As any wench this houre in London dwelling.

T'is well you need not, sure I take him kinde, *widdow*
As kind a man as woman need to lye with, *wife*
Would I as well were fitted to my minde. *Mayde*
A louing man who would not liue and die with:
My husband did to other Loues incline, *widdow*
Nay mine is constant, by this cup of VVine. *wife*

Now Christ, how *wiues* and *widdowes* take occasions *Mayde*
T'inlarge their husband credits, or dispraise:
Some harbour ielous thoughts, some kind perswasions:
In some match men, in some the women straies:
And when they meet, they so discourse and scan
About whose choyce hath got the kindest man.

Alas (good *Besse*) thou speak'st thou know'st not what, *wife*
Thy iudgement is not worth a Walnut-shell:
There's an old graue Prouerbe tel's vs, that
Such as dye Mayds, do all lead Apes in Hell:
I rather whiles I liue, would yearely marry,
Then waighting-maide on such preferment tarry.

That

Mayd That *Prouerbes* proofe can do you little ſtead,
But married Wiues oft giues, and takes ſuch claps,
Taurus ſo rules and guides their husbands head,
That euery night they ſleepe in Horn-worke caps:
I pray what Prouerbe is it that allowes
The Diuels picture on your Husbands browes.

Widdow Enough you wrangling Wenches, fie for ſhame,
Take me in drinke, leaue out your diſputation:
Pray Brother fill a pinte more of the ſame,
Wife Couſſen belike you meane to drinke in faſhion,
We ſhall be trim'd, and haue our wits refinde,
Efaith we ſhall, if you may haue your minde.

Widdow Now to your Husband Couſſe, this full carouſe,
Wife In truth I pledge you, and I thanke you truely:
To all our friends *Beſſe* at your Mother houſe.
Mayde Thankes gentle Miſtris *Grace*, I dranke but newly.
Wife Beſhrew my heart, this wine is not the worſt.
Widdow Good-faith methinkes tis better then the firſt.

Wife But Couſſen, pre'thee art not yet towarde marriage?
Widdow Truly I am, and am not, as it ſtandes:
A Gentleman of paſsing gallant carr'age,
Doth ply me hard; one that has prettie Lands:
Handſomer man neuer in ſhoo did tread,
By this good drinke, a kinder ne're broke bread.

To

To try his loue, ſometimes I faigne me ſicke,
And (by this Candle) he will ſit and weepe.
Now by my troth, that's one my Good-mans tricke, *Wife*
Let me complaine; Chriſt what a quoile hee'le keepe:
Asking what ayles my ſweet-hart, tell me honny,
My Loue, my Doue, my Lamb, my pretty Conny?

See ſee, how ſay: But ſirra Couſſen, than *Widdow*
I force a ſigh with halfe a dozen grones;
This comes (ſayes he) to lye without a man, *wife*
My husband ſayes, kind Loue, thou breedſt yong bones
Well *Iohn* (ſay I) you reſt to ſee my paine,
Then (by this Wine) the foole will weepe againe.

Couſſe you are happy you haue ſuch a one, *Widdow*
Make much of him, a lewell Wench thou haſt,
But I had one would let me grunt and grone,
The verieſt Clowne; but well, tis gone and paſt,
If he had liu'd Couſſen, I do proteſt,
I would haue done a thing: well, let that reſt.

Ile neuer truſt a Red-hair'd man againe,
If I ſhould liue a hundred yeares that's flat:
His turne cannot be ſeru'd with one or twaine,
And how can any woman ſuffer that?
I know tis better to take wrong then do it,
But yet in ſuch a caſe fleſh leads vs to it.

Mayde Why is a red-hair'd man so bad of life?
What say you to a yellow flaxen haire?
Widdow Not one among a hundred true t'his wife,
That constant loyall-harted thoughts doth beare.
They loue, but how? as did the youth of *Greece*,
From euery weneh to gaine a golden Fleece.

And they whose minds haue this corrupt infection,
(Because I would haue *Besse* to take good heed)
Are such as are cal'd *Sanguine* of complection,
I prethee Girle, let no such Sutor speed:
I speake it by experience and good triall,
Of all haire-cullours giue that haire deniall.

A *Nut-browne* colour, or an *Aburne* either,
May both do well, and are to be alow'd:
A *Flaxen*-colour hath no great fault neither:
But for a ragged chin I firme haue vow'd,
It shall by me perpetuall be abhord,
And with my heeles I scorne it by the Lord.

A man whose beard seems scar'd with spirits t'haue bin,
That wants the worthiest grace, length, bredth & thick-
And hath no difference twixt his nose and chin, (nes,
But all his haires haue got the falling sicknes,
Whose fore-frunt lookes like Jack-an-Apes behind,
Shee that can loue him, beares a scuruy minde.

I pray you, what ſay you to my Husband then? *Wife*
The rar'ſt complexion that you can deuiſe, *Widdow*
The Golden ſentence proues blacke-bearded-men,
Are precious Pearles in beautious womens eyes:
Their loyall hearts none iuſtly can controule,
I loue a blacke man Couzen, with my ſoule.

Let *Beſſe* note this; for when *I* was a Maide, *Wife*
and to the loue of men began to bow,
I gaue great eare to that which women ſaid,
When they were merry met, as we are now:
Yea and my mother did perſwade me too,
Wench (would ſhe ſay) note what your Elders doo.

That leſſon without Booke was ſtraight mine owne,
She need not to repeat it ouer twice,
I quickly ſmelt what t'was to liue alone,
What to be kind in loue, what to be nice:
A nan, a nan, what i'ſt (forſooth) you lacke? *Vintner*
Sauceages Brother, and a pint of Sack. *widdow*

No more in ſadneſſe, now t'is time to part, *Mayde*
*I*n conſcience it is ſixe a clocke at leaſt,
Wee'le haue a reckoning after t'other quart, *Widdow*
They ſay enough's as good as any feaſt: *Mayde*
In deed my Wench, enough's a feaſt, that's right, *Widdow*
But we want that, which lye alone all night.

Wife You both may mend that matter when you will,
Whose fault t'ſt but yout owne you do not marrie?
God made not *Beſſe* to liue a Mayden ſtill,
Mayde Faith t'is my Mothers counſel that I tarrie,
She alwayes ſayes, when youngmen come a woing,
Stay daughter ſtay, you muſt not yet be doing.

Widdow Now in good faith your mother is too blame,
To wiſh ſo womanly a wench to ſtay;
She knowes fifteene, may Hubands iuſtly claime.
Mayde Fifteene, why I was that laſt Lady-day:
You are deceiu'd, for I am no ſuch youth,
I am ſixteene when next March comes in truth.

Widdow Beſhrew my heart but thats a goodly time,
I would to Chriſt that I could ſay ſo too,
I would not linger out my youthfull prime,
Nor ſtand and aske my Mother what to doo,
No, I could tell I trow, as well as ſhe,
Toward *Batchelers* how Maidens ought to be.

Mayde I, I know ſomething too: but what of that?
Our Parents wils you know muſt be obay'd.
Well, ſay they muſt: yet ſhall I tell you what
Wife A Scholler told me when I was a Mayd,
Of Marriage knot, they haue no power to break it,
Now by this Sacke, a Learned man did ſpeake it.

T'was

T'was nothing but sound truth which he did tell, *Widdow*
For husbands, we our Parents must forsake,
Were this wine burn'd Cousen, it would do well, *Wife*
Faith I was thinking on it when you spake: *Mayde*
My Mother sayes burnt Sacke is good at night,
A'my word *Besse*, your Mother's in the right. *Wife*

Brother, I prethee let this wine be burn'd,
And see (good youth) the Sauceages be ready:
To one good meaning our three minds be turn'd,
When Sacke is sugered t'will not be so heady,
We drinke so much, my cheeks are passing warme, *Mayde*
Sweet *Elsabeth*, good Wine can do no harme. *Wife*

Yet trust me Cousen, when I was a Girle,
For Tauerne, no young-man could get me to it,
Neither for Loue, Gold, precious Stones, or Pearle:
My tongue deny'd, when heart inclin'd to do it:
For (by my faith) I euer lou'd good Wine,
But oft refrain'd, I was so Mayden-fine.

Well, wot you *Besse* to whom Ile drinke to now? *Widdow*
Sure as I liue, vnto your Sister *Sisse*,
And to the Youth that did the Angell bow,
And sent it for a token: truth halfe this:
He loues you both, vpon my word he doth,
Resolue it, or you wrong him *Besse*, in soth.

Mayde His loue to me I little do regard,
Perhaps my sister doth respect it more,
widdow Then *Elsabeth*, in truth you vse him hard.
Mayde How hard? he had his answere long before?
I will not loue him whatsoere befall,
Ile haue a handsome man, or none at all.

Widdow Go to, go to, his riches doth excell,
Mayde A Figge for wealth, tis person *I* affect,
Widdow You are a foole, he will maintaine you well,
Mayde *I* tell you, I a propper man respect:
De'e thinke that I with such a dwarffe will store me,
That shall disgrace me when he goes before me.

Ile haue a comely man from head to foot,
In whose neat limbes no blemish can be spide:
Whose Legge shall grace his stocking or his Boot,
and weare his Rapier manly by his side:
With such a one my humour doth agree,
He shall be welcome to my bed and mee.

Besse, and th'art wise, hold that opinion still,
For were *I* to begin the world to morrow,
In such a choice, *I* would my minde fulfill:
And so *I* drinke to thee: come on, hang sorrow:
Wench, let it be thy rule at any hand,
To make thy choyce euen as thy mind doth stand.

Many

Many do match (as true as this is Wine)
With some Dunce, Clown, or Gul, they care not who,
For no cause but to be maintained fine,
and haue their wils in what they please to do:
When their hearts loues as much in other things,
As there is Vertue in mine Apron-strings.

Faith tis too true. Fough, what a filthy smell? *widdow*
as sure as death *I* am e'ne like to choke,
Methinkes *I* feele my selfe not very well. *Mayde*
Now out vpon't it is *Tobacco* smoke: *Wife*
Knocke Cozen knocke, heere is a filthy smother,
For Gods loue quicke: some Iuniper sweet Brother.

There cannot be a more detested stinke, *widdow*
And yet you see how dainty many make it.
As true as this is Wine that I do drinke, *Mayde*
I would not for a Crowne kisse one that takes it:
My Husband is so kind an honest man, *Wife*
That heele touch none, if I say, Do not *Ian*.

His commendations certaine is the more, *Widdow*
With one another we are bound to beare,
He beares with you, fauour you him therefore.
Surely I do, as both of you shall heare: *Wife*
T'is death to him to smell but a Goose-pye,
and therefore Goose-flesh neuer do I buy.

That's

Widdow That's a ſtrange matter ſure; I loue a Gooſe,
But for a Wood-cocke I did neuer care,
vvife When I eat Pigge it makes my body looſe,
Mayde I loue a tender Rabbet, or a Hare,
A Turkey-pie, or Pigion for a need:
But on groſſe Butchers fleſh I cannot feed.

vvife Couſſen, when I lay in of my firſt Boy,
Lord how I long'd to eate a Partridge wing,
And when it came, my ſtomacke had no ioy,
But all my minde was of another thing. (buy,
Thou ſhalt lacke nought (quoth *Iohn*) that gold will
Why then (ſweet-hart) lets haue a Cherry-pye.

If *London* yeeld it (*Loue*) thou ſhalt not lacke,
So kind, methinkes I heare him ſtill repeat it:
But haſting downe the ſtaires, I cald him backe,
Tis full of ſtones (quoth I) I cannot eat it:
With that he kiſt me, and began to weepe,
And I being ſomewhat heauy fell aſleepe.

But then I fell into the ſtrangeſt dreame
Of fire and water, that you euer heard:
And I was troubled Couſſe the moſt extreame
With one all night, that had a yellow beard:
And with a Cocke had neither ſpurres nor combe,
And with the little Bitch you haue at home.

Why

Why ſurely now you talke of dreames in ſadneſſe, *Widdow*
I dream't laſt night two Cattes did leape and skip,
Playing together with great ſport and gladneſſe,
Vntill one came to part them with a whip:
I laughed that my heart did ake thereat,
To ſee the fooliſh fellow whip the Cat.

A pretty ieſt: But *Beſſe* to whom de'e drinke? *Wife*
I ſpy a fault, you do your ſelfe forget:
The Wine ſtands waiting in the cup me thinke,
Prethee my Wench, lets haue our lips kept wet.
I pledge thee my Girle: nay ſweet now drinke it vp,
A *Goſsips* round, that's euery one a Cup.

Next houſe to mine a *Gentlewoman* lies, *Widdow*
Wilt pleaſe you *Gentlewomen* heare a ſong? *Fidler*
Good fellow, now we are about to riſe: *Wife*
Where ſtayes the *Vintners* ſeruice Boy ſo long?
Shut dore pray Coſſen after that baſe groome,
Weele haue no fidling Knaue diſgrace our roome.

Well, go to Couſſe, go forward with the reſt, *Widdow*
What reſt I pray? I know not what you meane: *Wife*
No, why of her that is your neighbours gueſt? *Widdow*
T'is true, t'is true, my gallant ſilken Queane:
I had forgot the talke I was about,
The Fidler comes me in, and puts me out.

Why she forsooth (an't please you) is so fine,
She neuer drinkes vnlesse she dine or sup,
And then she hath her penny pot of wine:
wife Marry and gip, some body take her vp:
Some Doctors wench a'my word for her skill,
That takes in Diet by the dram and pill.

My Husband doth alow me Ile be sworne,
A pint a meale as true as we sit heere:
I tell you (as my friends) I would e'ne scorne
To dine or sup without it in a yeere:
He knowes (efaith) to please me in my diet,
Or for a month I shall be out of quiet.

Then if he sees me out of patience once,
Oh Christ, how we will seeke to amends,
Then do I sigh to grieue him for the nonce,
Wherewith, hee'le kisse and say, Sweet loue be friends:
I let him kisse, and speake me faire a while,
And when the sullen humor's past, I smile.

widdow I cannot chuse but praise thy pretty wit,
It is the very course that I would take,
Thou entertain'st his humour passing fit.
Mayde Why, I thought men had lou'd for kindnesse sake?
wife Alas plaine wench, God knowes thou art not in it,
She that will settle loue, must this way win it.

Indeed I neuer heard that tricke before, *Mayde*
I thought mens loue muſt ſtill be fed with kindneſſe,
God helpe thee *Beſſe*, not one among a ſcore, *Wife*
That poore opinion is but Maidens blindneſſe:
In theſe things thou knoweſt little, it appeares,
But it will come, for now thou com'ſt to yeares.

Why woman, if we ſeeme not in behauiour
As though we car'd not greatly to conſort,
They'le thinke forſooth they do vs mighty fauour,
And we muſt ſeeme beholden for our ſport:
So beſt in ſtrangeneſſe we our meanings hide,
which makes them loue, & giue good words beſide.

This for inſtruction *Beſſe*, I haue diſcloſed,
Intruth I yeeld more thankes then may be told, *Mayde*
Heere's to you both againſt you are diſpoſed. *widdow*
Lord, while you talke the Sauceages wax cold,
Come draw your kniues: fall to, I pray begin,
You know cold Puddings are not worth a pin.

How pretty ſalt they taſt: but tis the better, *Wife*
Moſt rare efayth to drinke Sacke withall, *widdow*
Beſſe, pray go too, will you remaine my detter?
Why de'e not pledge me? troth and fayth you ſhall,
Nay ſure all this: truſt me t'is more then need, *Mayde*
In truth, in fadneſſe, now in very deed.

Widdow Well, if you do not *Besse* you do me wrong,
You shall not be forsworne for twenty pound.
Mayde How't burnes my belly as it goes along,
Wife My turne is next, and so it passeth round:
Looke *Gentlewomen* is it full de'e thinke?
I scorne to be intreated take my drinke.

Widdow Why laugh you Cossen? sweet lets know,
Mayde An odde conceite *I* thinke on; makes me smile:
When I am forth in company, or so,
How by the dram I take in Wine that while,
Kissing the Cup, vpon the Wine I frowne,
And so with smelling it, *I* set it downe.

Some simple fooles (all manners for his wit)
Comes on me with the French salute most quaintly,
And sayes, Sweet, mend your draft, you drink no whit,
Introth you shew your selfe too mayden-dainty:
Drinke better Lady at my kind request,
I say sweet Sir, *I* can no wine digest.

Widdow Marry wee'le beare you witnesse when you will,
Ile take my oath on twenty Table-bookes,
The last full cup hath made you mighty ill:
Some *Rosa-solis*, see how pale she lookes,
Another pinte of that she tasted last,
To breake wind with, and then the worst is past.

Good (efaith) good, my Couſſen is in the vaine, *Wife*
Ile match you for it Wench, I hold a Crowne:
Fill none, vnleſſe you'le drinke about againe,
Content ſay I, you cannot put me downe? *Widdow*
How ſay'ſt thou *Beſſe*, ſhall it be ſo Girle, ſpeake?
If I make one, pray God my girdle breake. *Mayde*

Talke not ſo loud, what will folke thinke that heare? *Wife*
The very *Vintners* Boy laugh't when you ſpake,
Had I ſeene that, I would haue ſound his eares, *Widdow*
VVhy Maiſter Boy, weele pay for that we take,
Baſe groome, I ſay, although thou tak'ſt me mellow,
Know ſmooth-faſt knaue, I am your Miſtris fellow.

Good Lord, what ayles my Couſſen be ſo hot? *Wife*
Tuſh let it paſſe, you know Boyes ſawcy be,
It ſhall not be forgiuen nor forgot: *Widdow*
Your Maiſters liues you haue by ſuch as we?
Call for a reck'ning, let's know what's to pay?
By heauen I ſcorne a minute more to ſtay.

Brother, I pray is it your Maiſters minde,
Your fellow Boy ſhould flout gueſts when they drinke?
My Maiſters will is for to vſe you kinde, *Vintner*
T'will ſcath him more my friend, then he doth thinke. *Widdow*
What is thy name? *Vint.* Forſooth my name is *Will*,
What country man? *Vint.* Forſooth at Fish-ſtreet hill. *widdow*

william, we come not heere to be abuſed,
There are more Tauernes beſides your's in towne,
We can go where we might be curteous vſed,
Vintner Intruth forſooth my fellow's but a Clowne:
Widdow *william*, we haue ſome credit where we dwell,
And *william*, Boyes ſhould vſe their betters well.

For *William*, ſay the caſe were but your owne,
And that you were as we are at this ſeaſon,
With friends a drinking where you are vnknowne,
Widdow Would you be flouted? (*Vint.*) By my faith no reaſon,
William, thou anſwer'ſt like a youth of ſence,
For ſurely *VVilliam*, t'is a great offence.

And *william*, I would haue you vnderſtand,
Weele pay your Maiſter for the Wine we haue,
Vintner O Lord forſooth, as ſure as in my hand,
widdow *VVilliam*, we come not to intreat or craue,
We met together *william*, at your doore,
And entred for a Pint, which fals out more.

VVilliam, we will not be beholding (ſee yee)
Vnto your Maiſter more then to another:
T'is for good Wine and welcome, we come to yee,
Or farewell *william*, and you were my Brother:
And therefore *william* this abuſe we ſcorne,
For we are *London-Gentlewomen* borne.

Why *william* know, heere's neither *Ciſſe* nor *Kate*, *widdow*
No, ſo God helpe me, I do ſee you are not, *Vintner*
Thinkes ſawce your fellow, we vſe Parrets prate, *Widdow*
VVilliam our talke is honeſt, and we care not
If all the pariſh were in place to heare it,
No by this Cup, (*Vint.*) Ifaith you need not feare it.

Forſooth, I truſt your Wine was very good? *widdow*
VVilliam I graunt the wine was not amiſſe, *Widdow*
But that baſe Boy hath vext me to the blood:
A Man, *william* would neere haue offer'd this,
The Prouerbe ſayes, 'tis Manners that doth make,
William, giue Gueſts good words for manners ſake.

William when cam'ſt thou in this houſe to dwell?
Forſooth about three yeares agon laſt May, *Vintner*
William, ſerue God, and pleaſe thy Maiſter well, *Widdow*
T'will be thine owne *William*, another day:
Your Maiſter's marri'd *William*, is he not?
Yes forſooth, yes, a Miſtreſſe I haue got. *Vintner*

VVilliam, your Maiſter hath no Children by her? *Widdow*
No forſooth, but I thinke ſhe be with Child, *Vintner*
To haue a Boy ſhe hath a great deſire,
So would not I (*william*) for Boyes be wilde: *widdow*
Though Girls cry (*william*) till they be bepiſt,
William, giue me a Girle, take Boyes who liſt.

Gouſſen

Wife Couſſen you do forget your ſelfe me thinke,
When *Beſſe* and *I* come home, we ſhall be chid,
widdow Pray fill the Cup to *william*, let him drinke,
Vintner In truth forſooth tis the laſt thing *I* did
Wife Good *william* drinke, *I* prethee *william* doo,
Vintner Forſooth *I* pledge you, and *I* thanke ye too.

widdow William let's know to pay, and there's an end?
Vintner Marry forſooth three ſhillings and a penny,
widdow William lay downe their mony, none ſhall ſpend,
Couſſen, and *Beſſe*, pray'y do not offer any:
Harke, Bow-bell rings, before the Lord tis late,
William good night, prethy take vp thy Plate.

FINIS.